

Luzon-under a tropical sun, within the walls of Nipa huts, beneath rude shelter tents, and in fact under all the circumstances which make up a soldier's life we have in imagination lived our home-coming. Fond as was the dream, sweet as were the hopes I can say to you that not a man realized the wealth of love that awaited us. Our reception goes beyond the welcome of acquaintances, friends and loved ones. It is a heart-felt, whole-souled compliment from all the people.

One year ago, the 5th. day of May, seventeen of your young men left their pleasant homes and their avocations and gave themselves to the service of their country. You gave them a royal God-speed-with them went your prayers for their safety, and your trust that they would do you honor. They have all returned to you safe and well save one and our strong hopes are that under Utah's genial clime, and home's care he will soon be strong in health again. That they have done you honor need not be told by me. Their honorable record has been written by disinterested strangers and heralded throughout the world.

I was in the same battery with a majority of your Provo boys but a short time. Still, I always had knowledge of them, both in the monotony of barrack life and in the activities of the field and I can now say to you that at all times and under all circumstances they were an honor and credit to you, to your city and to the state, and to our nation.

And now, on their behalf, and for myself I thank you for your welcome, for its sincerity and generosity of feeling, it is in your eyes, your voices, and the shake of your hands. The love which inspires it stirs our hearts. With us the days of our home-coming will be days of pride, one of the fondest recollections of our lives.

Seldom has a man the privilege of replying to an address of welcome such as I have to day. Our welcome has been so universal, so cordial that it is not in my power to make fitting reply. The people of Ogden opened their hearts to us. Salt Lake City took us all bodily within its arms and Provo seems to have given us their very souls. At many times during the past year in the far distant island of Luzon-under a tropical sun, within the walls of Nipa huts, beneath rude shelter tents, and in fact under all the circumstances which make up a soldier's life we have in imagination lived our home-coming. Fond as was the dream, sweet as were the hopes I can say to you that not a man realized the wealth of love that awaited us. Our reception goes beyond the welcome of acquaintances, friends and loved ones. It is a heart-felt, whole-souled compliment from all the people.

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